MARVEL

ULTIMATE ENDGAME

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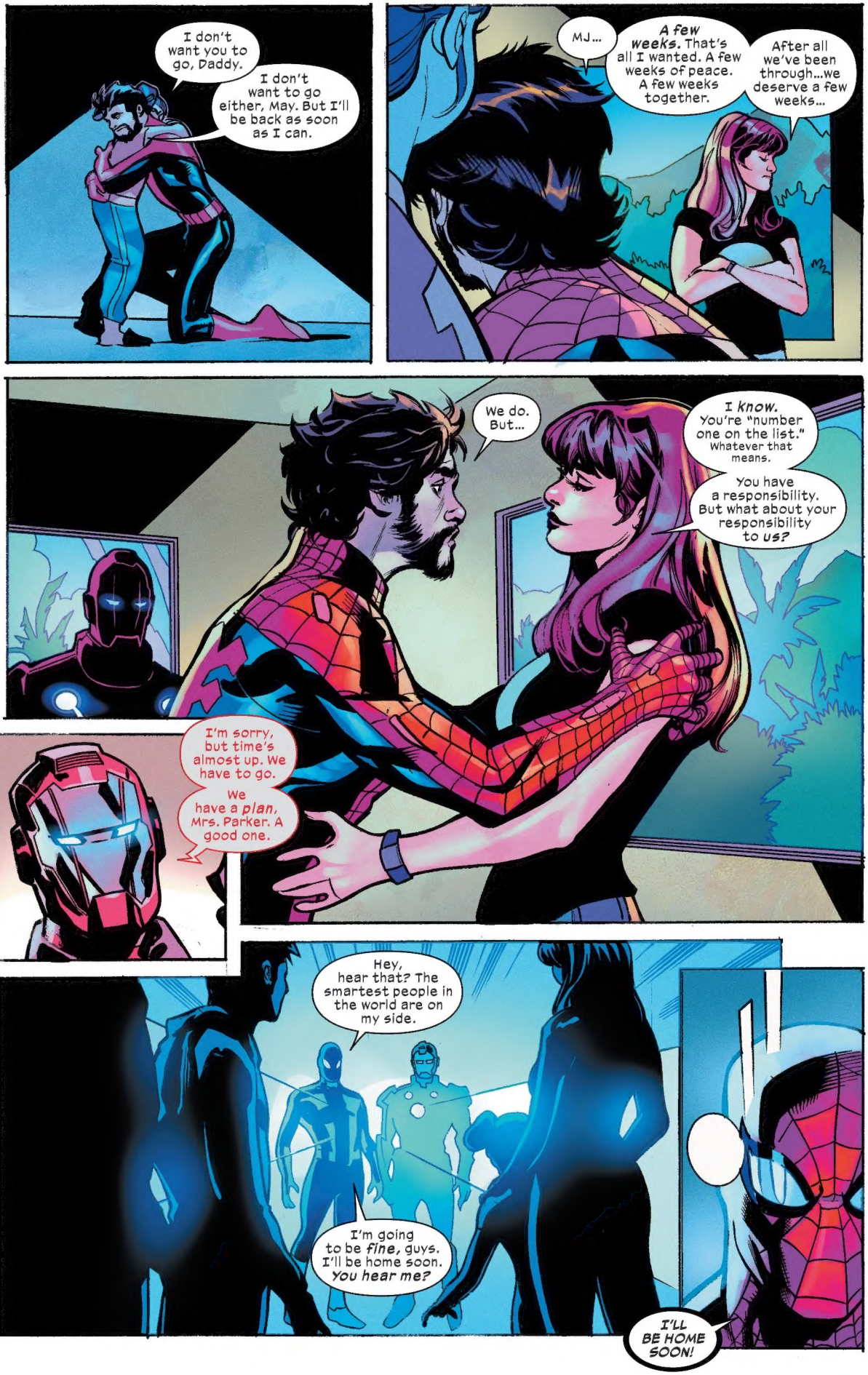
EARTH-6160.
THE ETERNAL CITY OF OLYMPIA.
1963. THREE MONTHS AFTER
THE MAKER'S ARRIVAL.
So much for Eternal.
1.

No resurrection *this* time. Not for you.
I defiled your "sacred machine," reprogrammed her to serve me and deleted the entire "Eternals" protocol from her memory.
From now on, *dead* means *dead*.
The venom works *fast*... living abyss extracted from the *Un-Beyond*... sounds silly when you say it out loud...
These are your final moments, King Zuras. *Take them in.*
...Why?!
Because this is the one. A world still *malleable*, brimming with potential. A reality as flexible *as I am.*
Your race is, by *Celestial design*, antithetical to change. Conflict was inevitable.
Hhrrhhkk!
Today I am embarking on a *grand experiment*, not so different from the one that created you. Perhaps you can appreciate that.
A-and... if...your experiment... fails?
RIIIP
Then I will *burn it all down* and start again.

DECEMBER 2025.
30 MINUTES TO THE RETURN OF THE MAKER.
THE STATEN ISLAND SAVAGE LAND.
LAST PRISTINE VESTIGE OF THE HIDDEN TROPICAL PRESERVE.
Three new uprisings today...!
Three in one day! A small town in West Virginia, another in Massachusetts, and...my god, they're saying the city of Detroit...
Is that verified?
"A large, organized force of workers has overthrown and imprisoned the local police, occupied government facilities and declared allegiance to the Ultimates.
"The UltNet is euphoric!"
Photos and video can be faked. And this "phantom reporter" is not an impartial source! We have to confirm--
I know someone in Royal Oak--
I assure you, it's true.
I am there with them now. Detroit has officially joined the Ultimates.
We'll quote you on that, Stark.
And Ben... call your guy in Royal Oak.

It's time, Peter.
I know. We've already said our goodbyes.
I'm coming with you.
Richard...
You? You're a child.
You're like three years older than me, Iron Lad.
And I have this.
Tst. That was for you, Peter. This is unacceptable.
WHOOSZZZHH
What? NO!
Aw man.
Aw man.
You can't-- you can't do that!
My father built that picotech suit just before he sacrificed himself for us. It was meant for Peter Parker. And he will need it in the fight ahead.
I didn't agree--
You will do what I tell you, or I'll roll you back to factory settings and choose a more helpful personality.


I don't want you to go, Daddy.
I don't want to go either, May. But I'll be back as soon as I can.
MJ...
A few weeks. That's all I wanted. A few weeks of peace. A few weeks together.
After all we've been through...we deserve a few weeks...
We do. But...
I know. You're "number one on the list." Whatever that means.
You have a responsibility. But what about your responsibility to us?
I'm sorry, but time's almost up. We have to go.
We have a plan, Mrs. Parker. A good one.
Hey, hear that? The smartest people in the world are on my side.
I'm going to be fine, guys. I'll be home soon. You hear me?
I'LL BE HOME SOON!

LATVERIA.
JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.
10 MINUTES BEFORE
THE MAKER RETURNS.
...
So we're all going to die, right?
Doom says it's a statistical certainty.
That's what I figured.
Thank you for that back there. Both of you. I knew he wouldn't-- I couldn't--
I'm you, dummy. You think I'd let our son go on a suicide mission?
We prefer to think of it...
...as a rescue mission.
Well put, America.
Is there really a plan?
Of course. Doom and I have spent relative years developing a way to take control of the City. Once the Dome comes down, we'll turn the City itself against the Maker and his "Children of Tomorrow."
Okaaay. But where are all the bad guys? Shouldn't they be here, trying to stop us?
The members of the Council who still live hide in underground bunkers and distant dimensions. As far away from ground zero as possible.
The Maker's own men don't think they'll survive the City opening? And you don't find that concerning?!
Why aren't there more of us here?! Where are the Ultimates?!
Everywhere.

"Following the message I broadcast last month, the uprising has rapidly spread across the globe. New fronts open up every day. I am currently in 23 places at once in various capacities.

THE TRISKELION. SATELLITE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ULTIMATES.

"In shielded asynchronous orbit, I help ***She-Hulk*** coordinate a movement with over three million active members and growing...

We have to get those reinforcements to Detroit!

The teleportation network is already taxed beyond capacity. If we draw any more power, they'll see--

Calls for assistance are flooding the UltNet! We're spread too thin!

I'm tracking a ***massive storm*** in the upper atmosphere over Kansas...

"In the east, I am with ***Captain America*** and ***Hawkeye*** leading irregular forces against ***Captain Britain*** and his ***Otherworld***-reinforced imperial army.

"Giants crush entire ***protest movements*** under their gargantuan heels...

"...while techno-Merlins see our strategies in tea leaves and the entrails of goats before we even think them up.

"I am with Luke Cage as he and his Ultimate Avengers--an army of super-powered former prisoners--sweep through the south like a liberating fire.
All power to the people!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
"Regular citizens flock to join from all over. Each for their own reasons, but all with something or someone to avenge.

Feel the pain you caused in life!
Oh god! What have I done?!
"Defections are common among the enemy rank and file--eighteen North American Union bases have been captured and converted to the cause."

I am in Martha's Vineyard breaking the neck of a gamma-enhanced guard dog, and I am in Albuquerque tending to the wounded.
I am in Detroit watching for retaliatory strikes, and I am in Galveston eliminating a hidden H.A.N.D. recruiting office...
FIVE SECONDS REMAIN.
We have forces in Heaven, Hel and everywhere in between. The uprising is bigger than you can imagine. There is no one to spare. We will have to be enough.

FOUR SECONDS.
You are now on the UltNet.
This is Iron Lad to all Ultimates. We're about to cross the threshold.
THREE SECONDS.
I don't know what comes next...
TWO SECONDS.
...but I know this isn't the end. Whatever happens...
...you are all heroes to me.

Well? What's going on down there?!
This can't be right...
The Dome is down--I repeat, the Maker is out of his cage!
I--
--can't see anything...
Tony...you must see this. That storm is...breaking atmosphere--
...some kind of dust storm...
Uh, did the Dome just come back up?
No! I'm cut--
Everyone! Stay on your guard!

Tony?
--cut--
--cut off--
Iron Lad?
Now's our chance! Weapons free!
Where's Iron Lad?!?!
PD
Stop!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
Tony--?! Where--?
My god. Not a storm...!

CUMULO-CARRIERS!
THERE ARE HUNDREDS!
THE ENTIRE H.A.N.D. HELIFLEET!
THE BEAST.
COMMAND DECK.
You're mine now, you [redacted]!
Blow 'em to hell!!!

No.
Not yet.
Not--
KRRRAA
BOOM

The Ultimates Network is down.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.
The Ultimates Network is down.

My Spider-Sense is going haywire! Either I'm having a heart attack or we're in serious trouble!!!
The temporal Dome--the Darwin Bubble must have been reactivated somehow--
The math's all different... What is with this fourth-dimensional curve...?
And it grew in three dimensions. Its radius expanded to encompass us.
Or to capture anything that might have escaped in the millisecond the field was down...
But why would the Maker do that? He's been trapped for thousands of years--why would he slam the doors shut on his own cell?
He would not. The only reason to do such a thing--
--would be to buy the outside world more time. My father! This has to be him! He's alive!
Unlikely. Howard Stark was a brilliant and resourceful man, but I doubt even he could survive thousands of years...

"...in *here.*"
THE CITY.
THE MAKER'S FUTURISTIC POWER CENTER–TURNED–PRISON.
"Is this the right place? I thought we were entering some kind of utopian 'City of Tomorrow'..."
"I guess tomorrow's seen better days."

The air is soiled...filmed with greasy particulate matter...
Nobody remove your masks. We don't know what we'd be breathing in...
She doesn't have a mask!
Upload the payload and take control of the City before the Maker's forces find us.
Right, Doom?
I don't have to breathe either.
Oh. Cool.
The new Dome changes nothing. We stick to the plan.
Hmmm? Oh, yes. Of course.
The City is a living thing, always evolving. This architecture is nothing like it was. Still...
...we must go there. The central spire.
It is almost unrecognizable, but that is the center of the City's nervous system.
Then let's go.
Trapped again. How many times am I going to have to die before I learn--?

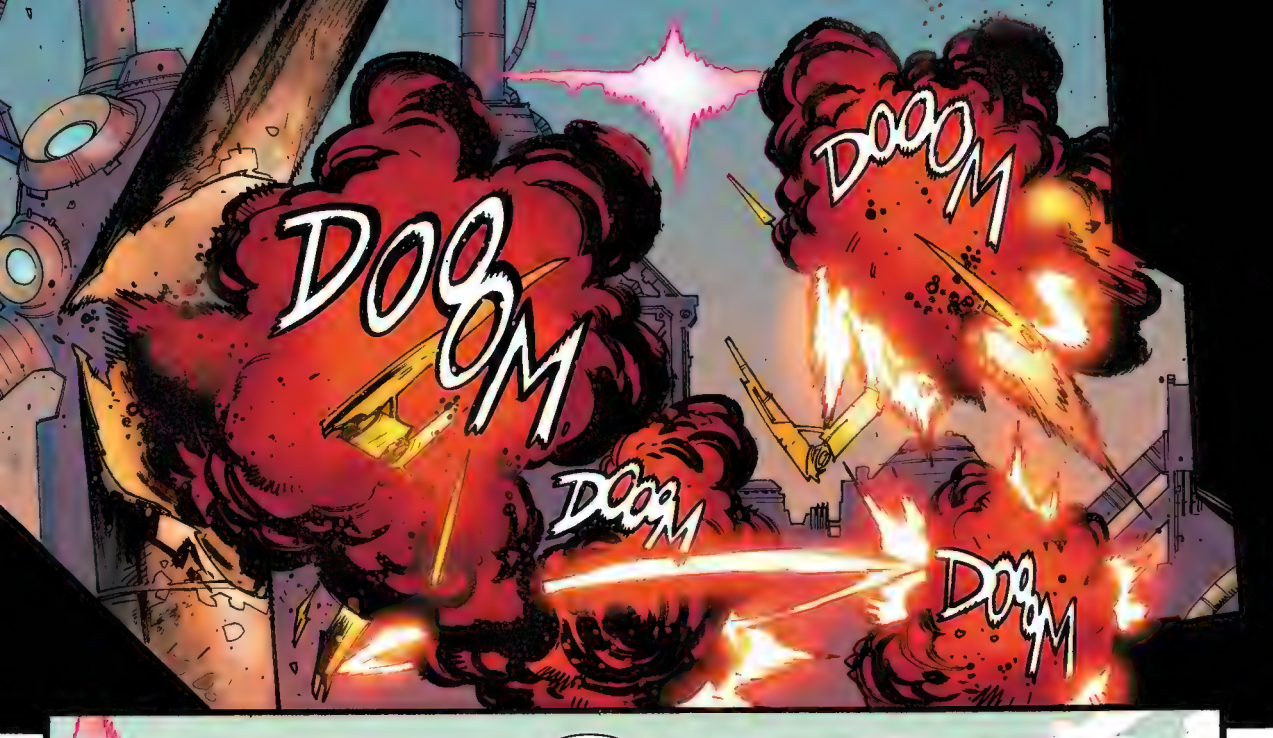
Tony! Move--
SHUNKRAAOOM
The Children of Tomorrow have found us!
They look pretty grown up to me!
They were grown in a lab! The Maker's master race!
Each one genetically engineered to a singular purpose!
CHOOM
CHOOM
I'm betting these guys were designed for diplomacy!
OW! Move faster or I take over!
ZRK
BOOM
Even before the Dome, they had capacities we couldn't conceive of!

Don't worry, I prepared a countermeasure for this! Anti-Matter Machine Gun!
KRAKA
KRAKA
THOOM
Th-that's impossible! Nothing that exists can--
Well they just did, so what's next? Tony?!
Pet r, it's try-try-trying to erazzzz me!!!
They're killing us, Stark! What do we do?!
The Immortus Engine isn't working--I--I didn't--I don't--
Tony!
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I don't know what to do.

ZHOOM!
...Dad?
SHOOM
NO!
Tony, look!

Who...?
CHOOM
CHOOM
Tony, what's going--?
Hey, thanks--
Uh, you don't look so good, man.
ARGHHH!
SNIFF SNIFF
Da...
Da-hoom.
HAHAHAHAHAHA!

SHUNK
HURK!
Language Detected: American English, 21st century dialect.
--tourists! The City is not so friendly for tourists, yes?
More Children are coming! But you are rare and therefore valuable and therefore worth saving!
So move like citizens, not tourists! Hurry! Follow Death's Head!
Unhand--!
The Deathlok has been activated!
I'm sure we'll be safe on the other side of that ominously glowing tear in reality!
No issues with this at all!


DOOM
DOOM
DOOM
DOOM

Put me down!
Where are we?
Who are you?
I honestly don't understand enough about what's going on to ask a relevant question.

This one's designation is *Death's Head 22.* Freelance Freedom Fighter for hire. You are this one's *prisoner/bounty.*
Prisoner?! We came here *willingly--*
The commander will answer your questions. Or devolve you to single-celled organisms before you can ask them. One can never be sure which...
Either way, this one gets *paid.*

It *is* my father. It has to be! All of this is clearly derived from Stane/Stark Iron Man technology!

This one knows nothing of Stark Stains or Iron Men. This one serves (on an entirely at-will basis) the commander...

...Immortus, Lord of Time!
Death's Head, is that *you?* I hope you've brought fresh *corpses*-- I'm almost out of parts!
...Father?
Eh? Do I *know* you?
Ouch.
It's me... it's Tony. Your son.
The son is the father to the man! I've had so many fathers, so many sons!
You bear my mark, but I don't remember making you. *Any* of you. Perhaps I haven't made you yet. Or perhaps it was so long ago I've forgotten.
Guerrilla warfare in four dimensions is infinitely more complicated than three.
Stark--*Immortus*--whatever you call yourself--we have come to end the Maker. We have brought weapons, viruses and poisons we think can do the job. Can you help us find him?
HAHAHAHA! I see I made you with a sense of humor! ***Delightful!***
It's not ***finding*** the Maker, my forgotten son! It's ***escaping*** him!

"The Maker *is* the City!!!"
TO BE CONTINUED...

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Fireworks Over A Free Motor City

People celebrating in the streets of Detroit. Photo by Terry Dodson.

By **Ben Parker**
Wed Dec 31 2025 12:33 EDT

DETROIT, MI – The explosions above the Motor City this New Year's Eve weren't fireworks but antiaircraft repulsor rounds. Still, the people on the streets below were celebrating.

It has been over a month since the Ultimates—a group the government classifies as a terrorist organization, but which calls itself "a decentralized network of autonomous freedom fighters"—launched widespread attacks on North American Union military, government, communications and industrial installations. In an impassioned plea beamed to every receiver on the planet, Tony Stark, A.K.A. Iron Lad, called upon all peoples of the world to rise up against their corrupt governments.

This was followed by the release of thousands of pages of documents, photos and videos that seem to confirm claims of a vast conspiracy to shape society and control the course of humankind. The documents describe, in often heart-wrenching detail, a secret history of violent repression orchestrated by the Maker and an inner circle, including respected leaders such as Bruce Banner (the Hulk), Henri Dugarry (Captain Britain) and industrialist/philanthropist Emmanuel Da Costa, among others.

Since Stark's call to action, the world has answered. Individual "Ultimate uprisings" have been reported on every major continent, but the bulk of the fighting has occurred here, in the North American Union. Perhaps owing to the fractured, uncoordinated governing structures of the post-Stane/Stark NAU, Ultimate forces have scored significant victories, taking towns, cities and countrysides all across the Union.

Just over a week ago, they hit the jackpot. Led by the seemingly ubiquitous Iron Lad and a cadre of escaped convicts wielding super-powers and calling themselves "Ultimate Avengers," a broad coalition of trade unionists, students, office workers, garden clubs, retirees, doctors, nurses, teachers and housewives armed with handguns and stolen weaponry took to the streets of Detroit. These irregulars attacked police precincts, seized factories and communications installations, and took control of essential services. And this was on the heels of a weeks-long general strike, which ground the city to a halt. Despite heavy resistance from North American Union forces, which were bolstered by for-profit "Taskmaster" mercenary detachments, the coalition prevailed. After just two weeks of fighting, the Ultimates flag flew over the Free City of Detroit.

The feeling on the ground is intoxicating. Even as burial teams move through the streets to collect the dead on both sides and the air is thick with thermite smoke, the mood is elated, almost delirious. Children play games in the rubble, and the hospitals are overflowing with wounded men and women singing and telling jokes, trying not to get carried away and burst their stitches.

"I never thought I'd see the day," said one man who preferred to remain nameless. "I never thought things could actually change. Now I see. The whole world sees! Ultimates Unite!"

This marks the first major city to fall into Ultimate hands. With constant attacks from NAU forces, it remains to be seen if these people can hold what they've taken, but even if victory is only temporary, it seems a remarkable expansion of the possible, and will no doubt serve as a rallying point for the Ultimates' cause.

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